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Liverpool, June 5, 1877.

My Dear Friend:

Your reply to my letter has come very promptly, though I did not mean to put you to the trouble of answering it.

Frank and I have been this morning making our calculations as to when and where we will spend our time during our brief stay on this side of the Atlantic. It is now our hope, desire and intention to be in Edinburgh by the 20th of July, to remain there some eight or ten days. We should like to make each day a week; and it will be sad parting to us to leave you and the other dear Edinburgh friends again, as it will in all probability be a final one on earth, unless our visit can be reciprocated. Two or three days we must give to Glasgow, and one or two to ~~Aberdeen~~ Dundee; and then for a tour of the Highlands, leaving Scotland by the 10th of August.

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Last evening we spent most pleasantly in the company of our old and esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Crossfield, at their Eden-like residence in the suburbs; and this evening we are to meet a select number of Mrs. Butler's friends and co-workers, socially and informally, at her beautiful home. The interviews I have already had with her have realized the high expectations I had formed as to the beauty and strength of her character. I do not know whether there is a Saint Josephine in the Catholic Church; but I am sure there is one in the Church Universal.

To-morrow we shall take the 11.45 train for Manchester, where the temperance friends are waiting to give us the right hand of fellowship, in a quiet way; for we must decline receptions and public meetings of every kind.

Your affectionate friend,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Elizabeth P. Nichol.

P. S. I forget whether I mentioned in my former letter the sudden death, by an apoplectic stroke, of my old and attached friend and co-worker, Edmund Quincy, Esq., who was for many years with his pen what Wendell Phillips was with his voice to the Anti-Slavery cause. I was in New York at the time, getting ready for embarkation, and therefore unable to be present at the obsequies.

And now comes the sad intelligence of the death of dear Philip Carpenter, at Montreal, whose heart was ever full of the "milk of human kindness," and who lived only to serve and bless his fellow-men.

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